

into flower and full foliage. The
season of roses was now rather past,
but we saw such roses as we may
hardly see again. And the loveliest
Jungles, now in full bloom, in greatest
profusion, Eucalyptus trees, *Wakas*,
of various sorts, - *Acacias* - about 30
sorts ripening and here - and even a tall
Banksia all in flower, *Jacsonia*
maximiliana ^{a sort of scudlet passion flower} ~~all over~~ ^{all over} one side of the
house with the reddest blossoms. By its
side a *Bougainvillea* which it was said
would outvie it altogether in splendor
in a week or two more. Altogether it
was a place to make a botanist run
wild with delight, - every turn disclosing
something which nobody expected. Plants
of every part of the world - at least in
warm part, growing together in the open
air conveying an impression so very
different from that of any Conservatory,
honor house.

Thrust himself, a botanist who has
done capital work, especially in Egypt,
is a man worthy of his paradise - a most
agreeable person, speaks English very
well, very cordial, indeed captivating, but
in the most natural and simple way.
After taking us both ~~over~~ ^{over} the ground
for a while, & then Dr. G. alone,
we had a dejeuner provision
for us alone (the family had
break fast earlier) - and a nice

in the Mediteranean, beyond
Italy.

(Sunday morning.)

At Monaco Dr. Gray & I walked round
the ramparts of the town while Madame
was dressing. The little town is on a
rock, jutting out into the Mediterranean,
connected with the shore by a narrow neck.
The rock is 300 feet high, abrupt, indeed
mostly perpendicular on all sides, on two
sides or more you may drop a stone from the
walls into deep blue water, and these
rocky precipices are covered with *Opuntias*
(Prickly Pears, originally from America, a N. Am.
species), which hang or rise, as the case
may be, joint after joint, to the length of
a dozen feet or more, their bases forming
woody stems as thick as a man's leg, or
thicker. Where there is any sloping surface
it is covered with *Agave* (Century Plant) (from
Mexico), and the stalks of those that had
flowered were about 10 feet high. On
the E side there is a bit of level ground
between the sea and the less precipitous ascent.
Here a carriage road is carried up, by
making a long slope to the gate, and then
curving round within the wall, ends at
a little square, on one side of which
was our hotel (Prince Albert) on the other
the Prince of Monaco's palace, guarded by
his army - a half dozen ^(the whole army was a dozen or so) soldiers on
each other side a battery of cannon on
the open rampart, and while we were
dressing said army fired a salute of
about a dozen guns, i.e. a dozen
discharges of one gun - seemingly the
only one in firing order - making a
great bang, followed by long repeated

reverberations from the encircling bare
rocks, mountains, which almost overhang
the town. On one of the summits we saw,
from our window, high above us, the
roman tower of Turbia, which we
had passed on the Cornice road on
Tuesday. On the seaward side of the
town a slope between the houses and
the sea wall is planted with trees and
shrubs and ^{very} laid out with walls,
as a garden of Cactus, Agaves, great
Aloes from Cape of Good Hope & Arabia,
Palms, Oranges, & all sorts of things. Beds
of Scarlet Geraniums, & one beautiful
one surrounding a gutter like pool of water
was of Dry Geranium & very pretty. We
were so hurried off, & needlessly so after
breakfast that only Mr. Gray got ~~more~~
more than a mere glimpse of all this.

After waiting almost an hour at the
railway station, we ran off, through ten-
nes & under crags, and around bays and
promontories, in picturesqueness surpassed
only by the Cornice road 1000 feet or more
above, through Villafranca, with its beau-
tiful harbor, & then under the mountain
set over them to emerge at Nice, whence
the road trends southward along a nearly
level shore to Antibes, where we left the
train. Here you can look back across the
bay to Nice, the light-house at Villa-
franca harbor, and far east can dis-
cern the shore beyond Mentone & Bordighera.
From Palazzo Orango at night we
had seen the light at Antibes. There
should have been a very extensive view
of the snowy mountain ~~side~~

Antibes (the bay opening a broad
valley up which to look), but for once
the morning was cloudy, at times with
rain, and we lost this view, - a colored
sketch of which deprived us of the poor
satisfaction of "not knowing what we
had lost."

A. V. at Antibes station at 11.30,
we found Mr. Thurst's man a carriage
awaiting us, and a drive of a mile
outside the old walls, & ^{many fine specimens}
brought us to his charming villa
& an unrivalled garden or grounds.
Mr. Thurst's welcome was as cordial
as his letter of invitation promise.
He is a large, noble-looking man,
about 55 years old, a bachelor, a
Protestant, native of the N. of France
or of the Netherlands, but obliged to
live in a mild dry climate on
account of asthma, he bought these
grounds, which command a fine view of
the bay, the little town of Antibes
putting into it, and the alps beyond
and in 10 years has made it what
it is, a paradise, - literally so
for it is filled with all manner of trees
fruits & flowers, above 3000 species
of plants (about half as many as Louisiana
know) are flourishing in it, almost as
rich as an ^{garden} grown only in conservatory
or green-house even in England. The
things that thrive best are from S. A.
rica, Australia, Chili, & from the
driest parts of the world. The hot rainless
summer is the season for rest; when
the rain begins in October, the best

ciate a rail-road. Wonder if with all his ~~and~~ inventions, he ever planned a locomotive!

Wednesday: open sea, still smooth, but considerable motion coming on, & at night rolling badly.

Friday: a stiff breeze aft; vessel rolled dreadfully, the comfort of the voyage all over;

The steamer we find had instructions not to reach Alexandria till Saturday morning, - but might have reached before Friday morning, - had been going slow, - was still doing so, and therefore rolling all the worse. On Friday was a very nasty day, and the night the most uncomfortable we had or ever wish to have. I am once thrown out of my berth and across the room, - a fortunate escape from serious injury; tried to take the other berth, which ran across ship, and raised first her feet then her head, meanwhile wrenching her in two at the middle. Laying off Alexandria, in this dolourous time, and rising Saturday morning, sick and sore, we were obliged to see we were turning back from our port, afraid to cross the bar in such a heavy sea. However, it was moderating, the ship was heading round again, and by noon we had entered and were at anchor in the harbor. How we got on shore, and at length got all the things with ourselves thro' the muddiest of queer streets and the strangest of people, & into the Hotel Abbat, we need not particularly describe. But at length we were in Africa, at the principal part of Egypt, the portal to this strange old land. Dr. G. was absent, after affairs till dark. I am now resting. Olivia with her English acquaintances among the passengers ~~to~~ to see Pompey's Pillar & Cleopatra's needle. All met at table d'hôte dinner, at 1/2 past 6. Many little adventures and touches, and all about fellow-passengers, I am may describe, if time permits.

so prudently & delicately served (dinner, not to forget the evening table) it was, but see, the breakfast must not be forgotten. They were his assistants Dr. Bonnet, a pleasant black-haired, and black-eyed little Frenchman, - of about 40, & Madame Bonnet, equally petite, - as nice and pleasant a couple as we have ever where met with. They all seemed really pleased to see us, & to enjoy our hearty enjoyment of every thing. But 4 o'clock arrived an exchange of photographs made our adieux, and Thérèse's carriage at the door took us back to the station, and so ended another of our happiest days - for as to the rest, it was only a piece of rail-road journey - most of it after dark, - (her gown) traversed before reaching our hotel at Mars Saïdes at 1/2 past 9 P.M. - where Olivia had secured us a room - a dull one - and awaited our arrival. Her brother had arrived, the day before, and she was to go with us to Egypt. So nine is the number of our party, as of the Muses.

Saturday was devoted to peaceful preparations at Marseilles, and at evening, after table d'hôte dinner, we went on board the Poonah and slept in our narrow berths. We could not get a good state-room, the large vessel being filled with passengers (some said 90, others 120) chiefly going on to India, Australia, &c. who had engaged their places in London. A huge enclosed column like a mast ran up through our state-room, probably a coal-shaft; we were amidships - a good place as to position, but subject to other inconveniences, among

thru to much noise and jar from the engines.
We were to have been off at 5 A.M. - but it
was past 9 before we started. A calm beautiful
Sunday. The harbor of Messina, enclosed
seaward by bare rocky islets, and the coast
near which we sailed nearly all day were very
striking. The sea as smooth as we could expect.
Monday morning, when we rose, the vessel had
passed thro' the straits between Corica and
Sardina, and we were skirting along the E. shore
of the latter, its fine mountains showing in the distance.
Before night we were out of sight of land. Tuesday,
another lovely day, and a day to be marked
in our Calendar, as giving us a treat only second
to that in which we passed from Sicily to Malta.
When Dr. G. looked out of the cabin window,
the distant mountains of Italy below Naples were
visible, and just ahead was Stromboli, a volcano
now bare pyramidal mountain rising sheer
out of the sea, the blue smoke curling lightly
out of a crater below the summit, ^(at least but I am sure before day - 2.9.44) being seen
on deck there were the other Lipari islands
on the other side, most picturesque, all backed by
the distant N. coast of Sicily, and rising into fine
mountains, the dominating one with a snowy flank
we soon found to be Etna. So our hearts de-
sire was to be satisfied, and we were to have a
fine view of this noble and famous mountain,
such as even from these seas is not to be
had every day. The mountain grew higher
and nobler as we approached the shore, and entered
the straits between the Calabrian and the Sicilian
sides, - the picturesque little towns on the former
coming one by one into view. - Soon we were at
the narrowest point, floating silently along in
still water, - a low cape on the Sicilian side,
round which flows the current magnified into the
fabled whirlpool of Charybdis, on the other jutting
the Scylla, a bold rock, its summit crowned with
old fortress walls, & the town nestling in a nook
at its base; now came the little bay at the
head of which was Messina, - we floated by this,
and then by Reggio on the Calabrian side,
now Etna, which had been hidden by the steep

low mountain, behind Messina, came into noble
view again, nearer and more towering than ever,
the E. & then S.E. side, the snowy N. flank
disappearing; the crater from which the
smoke rose was hidden being on the N. or S.W.
side of the ~~conical~~ summit, here appearing
like a cone, the notch dividing it not being
visible on this side. The whole Etna was
was a magnificent object till darkness
hid it from view, rising by a long slope
from ^{sea level} the S. below Catania to the cone,
and sloping N. in a similar fashion. As we

came down the straits it was on our
right; but as we rounded the toe of
the boot, it was ~~in view~~ behind us,
toward night-fall the smoke rose mag-
nificently, and as we came up after dinner
in the "rich golden, green, and ruby
hues of the most gorgeous sunsets, the
scene was indeed glorious. After dark
some said they saw light from the
mountain's summit, but we did not make
it out. During the night Etna sunk
below the horizon, and next morning
no land was visible. As we were round-
ing the toe of the boot, below Reggio, Dr.
G. on the fore-castle heard the familiar
but here strange, sound of a rail-road
whistle, and soon the R.R. train ap-
peared along the shore, stopped at a sta-
tion, then puffed out steam & went on.
We had no idea of a Rail-road in this
part of Italy, running between these mouldering
hoary little "towns, and it seemed an incon-
gruity. Some way below us on the Sicilian
side lay Syracuse, where whilom dwelt
Archimedes, the man of all others to appre-

next day (Monday, Feb. 14) I desire par-
ticularly to remember. For I ~~now~~ spent it in
an Egyptian temple, which is at it was
2,000 years ago, in all its immense size
and grand proportions; not ruins & frag-
ments that one's imagination must re-
build, but the perfect thing itself.
& I for was an ancient city, and so
as soon as its temple was disused, it
was seized upon to build in and around,
and generation after generation, build-
ing a fresh house over the ruins of the
old, gradually packed it away in
this mountain of dust, so that
when Charles saw it ¹⁴ years ago
only the top of the temple, the capitals
of a few columns, were visible: so
straw huts were on the roof - Mars,
Mariette, whom the ~~vicar~~ Viceroy
has put in charge of the antiquities,
cleaned it all out 3 or 4 years ago,
and it is now such a pleasure to
tread on the original pavement,
and find all so fresh & clean in
every corner.

⁵ had an even more in her in the evening as I had met her
⁶ and interest in, as if we would expect me to look
⁷ about, I must be gone up early & before we could see the new of

to the head of the island of Elephantine (round
which lay our course down the river), then to
visit the Mndine. After waiting an hour,
at 8 o'clock, her flag was reported in the
Distance, and in 1/2 hour more she came
up, having had a most successful descent;
Charles says if you can choose, but one,
to see the boat come down the cataract
is finer than to come down in her.
Lady Gordon had asked to have her com-
panion come down in the Mndine, and
the poor woman appeared, with young
Gordon, an hour before daylight, having
ridden on donkeys 5 miles to where
the Mndine lay. Charles received her as
disturbance in the cabin, supplied candy,
shawls & coffee, and ^{the} Gordons small
boat took them as the Mndine came
in. We had intended to be off at once,
but alas & alas, there was now a
very strong North wind, and so we had
to spend the day stupidly tied up to
the shore - Had a little walk before
sunset, and the usual crowd of backstreet

& people
children, came after us, bringing all their
wooly goods to sell, the children their
toy-camels, & dolls, & necklaces, bae-
lets, trays, baskets, &c. At sunset
we were off through the narrow rocky
channels round the head of the island,
when we were soon stopped by the still
high head wind. Before daylight we
were sailing again; and that day, at noon
we were at Kom Ombo. All but I went
on shore to see the ruined temple, remark-
able for the great size of the blocks of stone.
I had only a glimpse of the temple in the
distance, as we went on, afternoon. The
next morning we were at Silsili, where
are the immense sandstone quarries,
which furnished for so many centuries,
most of the stones used in the great tem-
ples, &c. of Upper Egypt. Some were off
before breakfast to explore. After break-
fast we took the little boats, & part went
up & down to see the curious caverns &
grottoes, & the great, quarries cut so
many - many - years ago - while others
crossed the river to visit the still vaster
quarries on the other side. Some of
inscriptions, - a rock-hewn chapel, with
figures & records ^{made some of the land explorations very interesting}
of a very early time.
Starting before noon, we had service before
lunch, & a piece of Dr. J. Taylor for
sermon. It was a lovely day; strange how

much warmer since we left the tropical
zone. For a while we had fair winds
to sail a little while. Either that afternoon
or the one before we met a steamer, coming
up a cargo of grain; they said, sent up
by the Viceroy to Wada Halfa, to relieve
the approaching famine there. I hope the
most needy may get their share. There
were 3 or 4 dahabehs since leaving
Assuan, two with American flags.
At sunset we drew up at Edfo, climbed
the high bank to see the ~~lovely~~ ^{lovely} sun-
setting, and the new moon. Saw a man
show off his little Arabian horse; he
rode without ^a saddle, or even a girth around
the blanket over the horse's back, &
the bridle was rope. He would ride
at full speed and then stop him
suddenly. The horse was small, with
thick set body and slender legs; no shoes,
a bright, very knowing face, with a broad
white line down it, the rest dark;
the true Arab horse is valued for
endurance rather than speed.
Found here a Swiss & a French boat -

relief, some in intaglio. All ^{originally} were
in rich colors, which remain in
many, more protected places. Equally
amazing with the magnificence of
the architecture is this vast amount
of finely sculptured surface —
millions of square feet of it, and
all beautifully & carefully, — much
of it exquisitely executed. The tem-
ples of the Ptolemaic period we are
told, are generally remarkable
for the amount and diversity of
sculpture and inscription, and
this one is remarkable among
them, and is accounted particularly
worthy of study now that it is laid
open. Not so interesting as the much
more ancient temples, to be sure, ^{on religious subjects} but so
copious & so diversified, that it is thought
to be likely to throw much light
upon Egyptian geography, ^{mythology}
etc. — and it has the great advantage
of being well preserved throughout.
For general visitors, too, the great interest is
in fact that the whole thing is so well

(5)
The nice thing is the exclusion of the
rag-tag of boys & men, swarming like
flies on sugar, begging & offering help,
to your intense discomfort. Here the
white temple is kept under the care of
the Aga of the village and his son,
who civilly assist visitors, and take a
fee when offered but do not ask for
it. When we set off, after early break-
fast, for the temple, there awaited us a
set of ragged little donkeys for the 4
ladies, (Louisa I was to come later);
^{we took our way} across the dry fields to the high road
shaded by palm-trees, over a bridge
crossing a canal which Antonio
says he never saw dry before.
Through the narrow zig-zag streets
between the mud walls, meeting
pretty little long-eared kids and
dirty children, ascending a little,
we saw the great pylon before
us, and suddenly stopping found
ourselves on the top of the im-
mense heap of rubbish from
which a long flight of steps led us

to the east gate of the temple, the
clearing out the rubbish has left the
temple, as it were, in a basin. I
am sure I can give you no idea of
the immense size of the pylon, and of
the huge figures carved over the out-
side, or indeed of the whole. The
gateway (of great height, flanked by
the tower-like walls 100 feet or so on
each side) opens into a court surrounded
on 3 sides by a colonnade of 32 columns,
12 on each side & 8 at front), each
~~and~~ column different in its capital from
the one next to it, palm-leaves, acacia
sprays, lotus bud, papyrus, ~~and~~
in front was the portico, as it is called,
of 18 pillars, each over 21 feet in
circumference, with a carved screen
extending half way up separating it
from the court. Behind this came the
hall with 12 columns (the peculiar
Egyptian ones smaller at the bottom);
then 2 narrow rooms, ^{the second of} into which opens
the adytum, which is like a little
enclosed temple, perfect on the out-
side. All of these from the ^{open} court back
had been roofed with huge blocks of
stone, including the little dark rooms
surrounding the adytum. Fortunately
for us, ~~what~~ ^{at} the roof was broken

away in some places, so that we
could see the ^{carving, & the} bright colors, and the
beautiful granite shine in the day-
time (of one great block of stone)
which from its inscriptions must
have belonged to a much earlier
time. This was of the age of the
later Pharaohs, while the ^{present} temple
is of the time of the Ptolemies. The
whole from the colonnade back is
surrounded by a huge ^{unbroken} wall
(like that of a fortress, which such a temple is),
making a closed court of 3 sides, or
aisles [here Mrs. G. ^{or gives up in despair} goes to sleep &
as it holds pretty much ceased before
dictation of course ceases], or a
passage way between temple wall
on one side and the wall of en-
closure on the other, about 15 feet
wide - the walls on either side say
30 or 40 feet high, - the extent of
each of the 3 sides say 400 feet,
and these whole walls throughout com-
pletely covered ^{with} - just as is every
room & passage and ceiling within
with the carving, hieroglyphs, hieroglyphs
or other inscriptions, - mostly in low ~~places~~

of priests bearing different standards,
then some bearing mummy-cases, -
perhaps supposed to come down from one
of the chambers on the roof, when it is
likely that embalming took place;
but there is no one describing, nor any
end to it. Some new edition of Murari's
or other guide-book will, I suppose, give
the principal details of this very interesting
temple. We expected to have got back
to boat to lunch, but, seeing there was
so much to enjoy, we went for it, & took
it in the temple, - and some after we,
and later the rest returned; so be-
fore sunset we were off again, &
before bed-time we reached El Kab,
the ancient Sileithyia, - well
satisfied with our day's work and
enjoyment. I am too tired, I
cannot think of joining the rest
of the party, who ^{next morning} after breakfasting
at 7 o'clock, set off, the ladies on
very small donkeys, the men on
foot, to the famous grottoes in the
rock, nearly a mile back from the
river; somewhat like those of Beni-
Hassan, but, tho' from 2000 to 2500 years
old, according to differing chronologies, are yet
about 1200 or 1500 years later than
Beni-Hassan.

preserved and so completely laid open
to view. Here you are actually
walking about in a large temple
left nearly as if the priests at the
commencement of the Christian era
had just walked out of it.
We found here a French photogra-
pher taking views, and a nice
young gentleman from Geneva,
Mr. Neville, with his assistant
making drawings & studies. We
had seen Neville (of the Gazelle,
under Swiss flag) in India, and he
said we should probably overtake
him at Edfoo. It was pleasant
to do so; for he was very agreeable
and explained things which, not being
mentioned in books, we should not have
at all understood. He has been for
a year or so a pupil of Lepsius,
at Berlin, reads hieroglyphics,
&c. and is here as a real student,
tho' an amateur. We found
him copying out a long set of
figures made along one of the enclosing

walls - a very spirited representation, of
Horus, as the Sun, killing Seth, the
god of darkness, in the guise of a
hippopotamus, with ten spears;
he stands in his boat & spears him
under water: 10 times is the scene repeated
with some difference in the details,
for the ten spears; an 11th figure
repeats the spearing into his Mother
Isis looking on to see ^{the} victory.
The next figure shows Isis ^{with her attendants maidens} telling
him to take the hippopotamus, which
he stands victoriously upon, bidding him
in chains, and to cut him in pieces,
to reserve the head for her own temple
& to give a piece to each of the other
Egyptian gods, who are looking
on, this to that, & this to that tem-
ple, as the hieroglyphics explain.
And finally, in the next compart-
ment Horus is putting the knife to
the beast, to cut him up, as directed.
Over this story, at a higher level,
is a story of spearing a crocodile,
which Neville had not yet made
out the meaning of; and a series
of conquerors bidding bound captives
of some foreign race; other portraits
of captives with a lion walking over them.

There also was a large figure of Astarte
in her chariot with 4 horses, ^{very} ~~very~~
spirited, - a Palestinian goddess,
here introduced as such, not met with
elsewhere; (these Ptolemies brought in
many foreign ideas, and liked to show
their Catholic taste or liberality.)
The upper row of figures in a
large row, Neville says, represent
the river in its changes, &
other astronomical subjects.
These figures are mainly life-size or
somewhat larger. - But these, ⁱⁿ hundreds of stories,
told in large or small figures, which it
would take a week now to see properly,
we climbed by a very easy ascent, the
stairs of only 3 or 4 inches rise, to the
roof of the temple (not of the tall
pylon) which I mounted after-
ward). I had a noble view and a good
crop of oeil. There is a stair-case of
this sort on each side, with very
fine figures on the ^{side} walls in long
procession; on one side a King of
Egypt is followed by a long procession

and with a red lump of sweet ointment
stuck on to the top of his or her head.
Further back the Dishes are bringing
in, and the harpers & flute-players are
making music, - further back the
Dishes are preparing, the ox is killed
the butcher cutting him up, and the
cooks running off with pieces for
the feast. In front, before the ~~ground~~
couple & of equal size, stands a
priest with arms extended. This leads
to the supposition that the feast is not
one given by the worthy couple, but
is a celebration before them on their
tomb, after their death, they being
represented as in life, sitting side
by side lovingly, with pet monkey,
& to complete the raisonnableness
Well, we were back and off, as the
morning grew warmer, & reached Esneh at
dusk. Antwan had got ahead to expedite
head-mocking for the crew, - and we should
have sailed yesterday (Wednesday) morning, but
a strong N. wind kept us back all day,
& we went, with some others, to the temple, now
wonderfully swept out to await the momentary
visit of Prince of Wales. I was present
& we went to see the ~~house~~ & ground prepared
for reception of Prince & Princess. Finished Feb. 10th

7
El. Kat. I am, as was expected, was not
up to the excursion, this not a long nor la-
borious one. The walls of the Id Ram
are near the landing, - of immense thick-
ness, of unburnt brick, - a great outer wall
was a sort of enclosure round Id temples.
of which hardly anything remains. The
ruins of some small temples at some
distance were not thought worth our
visit. The main thing to see is the
sarcophagi or sculptured tombs. One
of them is that of a Captain of the
fleet under Amosis (the 1st King of
the 18 Dynasty) & his successors, -
reckoned as a good while before
Abraham. This of the later period
& the figures the King bestowed on him,
in hieroglyphics, by the side of the
effigies of himself and wife. These
sculptures (chiefly in low relief, and
painted, in colors still bright) are not
so well preserved (some the walls
having scaled off & broken away badly) as
in the other famous one, - some rich man

tombs, upon the walls of which so many
agricultural and domestic scenes are
depicted. There were to me more
striking than those at Beni Hassan,
- at least they were plain & stood
out better, so that you could catch
the story easier, - partly because
that they were all (except a few
in the Sanctuary) in relief as well
as in color, and partly because
they were much better lighted, the
morning sun streaming in freely.
The situation, on the face of a
precipice is similar.

It is here that the threshing scene is depicted
(along with the whole course of agricultural
operations, from ploughing & sowing
to carrying the grain to granaries, &
even loading it into great Nile boats,
with weighing the treasure received in
exchange), with the sowing of the
oases - or rather for the oases, in hieroglyphics, - not well rendered by
Miss Martineau, but which Charles

read us better in the spot:
"Tread ye out O, O, O, O,
Tread ye out O, O, O, O,
Cover for your Masters
The chaff for yourselves."
This was a very great while before
Moses, in a more kindly spirit, recited
the enactment "Thou shalt not muzzle
the ox that treadeth out the corn."
The owner - rich old fellow - is seen
looking on to enjoy & superintend all
the sorts of work, leaving left his share
to, seen standing at a distance,
but toward the inner end of the same
wall, after other domestic stories are
depicted, is seen his own funeral pro-
cession, and rendering to Osiris.
On the opposite wall he sits with
his wife, as large as life, a monkey
tied to the foot of their cushion chair,
and basket of dried dates under it.
Before him rows of guests or his children
are enjoying a feast,
each one smutting at a lotus-blossom.